

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1920



Reedy's

MIRROR

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Convention Personalities

By William Marion Reedy

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By Vincent Starrett

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Editor on the Go

By William Marion Reedy

San Francisco's Awakening

SAN FRANCISCO is all puffed up with itself, and not without reason. Everybody who attended the convention gives the city a testimonial and the people now pleasantly see themselves as others see them. So now San Francisco is going in for a campaign of push. It is out for all conventions in future. But back of the enthusiasm there is a little dread that Los Angeles may get in the game. Los Angeles is a self-boasting town, surpassing in communal autolatry even Chicago of old, and newer Detroit. Los Angeles has passed San Francisco in population and fills the western atmosphere with self-celebration. The average San Franciscan could be arrested for what he thinks of Los Angeles. He warns you against going there, and especially against the real estate agents who are selling city lots 140 miles from the city's center. Of course Los Angeles retaliates in kind. It is all very amusing, but San Francisco is in deadly earnest and has already begun a campaign for every national gathering that may be held in the future. The city has never boasted itself before—not even after the Fair or the Fire. You must say "Fire" not "Earthquake" when speaking of the great catastrophe. Don't you see they had to say "Fire" here because if it wasn't a fire they couldn't have got their insurance. So "Fire" it is in all conversation and history. Worse than saying "Earthquake" is to call the city "Frisco." The word invites physical assault.

So now the papers print all the nice things the visitors say about the town and everybody feels that the time has come to get out and outdo Los Angeles. Certainly San Francisco is a lovely town to the eye and a hospitable town, and a busy town, and it has protean and kaleidoscopic weather and a profusion of slantindicular landscape and the wolf is not the zoological emblem of its business men, and it has an intellectual colony not to be surpassed in New York, and more and wider union labor agitators and politicians than are good for it, and its bay is vastly beautiful, and everybody thinks of it all in romantic mood as a result of memories of reading in Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson and Joaquin Miller and others. But what puzzles me is the thickness of the ankles of the California girl as in San Francisco shown. She is good to look upon generally, moves with a fine freedom and graceful carriage, but why is she "beef to the heels, like a Mullinger heifer." I ventured that it might be because she has so many hills to climb, but she doesn't climb hills. She rides. San Francisco has more street cars than I ever saw anywhere, but they are not on the line you are bent on using at the instant. I wish someone would elucidate this mystery of the San Francisco feminine ankle. I have studied it until I am almost ankylositic, but I give it up. Still I must say that the San Francisco girl swings and flings a neat foot in the dance at Tait's brilliant Alhambresque cafe or at the St. Francis or the Palace. I do not dwell on this to

injure San Francisco's chances of becoming the convention city. Not at all; I simply record my observations. And San Franciscans say never mind our girls' ankles. Wait till you see the feminine flat foots of Los Angeles. This is looking at things from a different angle, which is an eminently proper thing for a disinterested observer to do. And anyhow any ankle looks good in the grotesque and arabesque embroidered hosiery so generally worn in the city of romance. I'm glad though, that the democrats didn't put anything in their platform about the San Francisco ankles. I guess that's because Mr. William Jennings Bryan didn't allow his magnificent and moralistic mind, or his eagle eye to dwell on such things. He wears detachable cuffs which is a fact symbolic of his general detachment from all that savors of the world, the flesh and the devil. Still they tell me there's less of all three in San Francisco than there was before the earthquake—I mean the fire. Strange, though, that San Francisco now aspires to magnitude and is not satisfied with the fact that it is a more moral city. Yes; it is grievous to hear the lament for the city's vanished paganism, its once wild revelry, the Barbary Coast and all the rest of it. Really, a fellow might as well be in Los Angeles after all—Los Angeles the virtuous, the chemically pure, the city of the speculator supreme in unearned increment. Anyhow, San Francisco is henceforth a boom town, and everyone who was at the Democratic convention is henceforth a booster for it. It is well worth crossing a desert to see.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Trained Seals

THERE isn't much convention aftermath to write about. The affair was horribly cleaned up by the press. The plague of the gathering was the group of special writers who wrote daily articles about it, each with his or her half-column portrait near the top. All of them were desperately humorous and cynical. They labored woundily. When they couldn't write about the convention they wrote about themselves and one another in an exchange of compliments. They made a nice big mutual admiration society. And they wrote about the politics and politicians generally with a fine abandonment to every impulse to attribute every action to the lowest possible motive. All this was useful as an antidote to the flub-dub of the speeches in the convention, but it had its bad side too. Its effect was to implant in the public mind the idea that the government of the country is an elaborate confidence game upon the people. None of the politicians said what they meant or meant what they said. The convention was nothing more than a pit in which a lot of rats snarled and spat and bit over political spoils. In the press galleries these special writers were known as "the trained seals." They all gave splendidly

imaginative account of the doings, having to get their copy in daily before anything happened. To all of them the convention was but a game of but little more significance than a football game. They called their work "impressions." Post-impressionistic, I should say. And in the wide, wild waste of their words you couldn't discover any truly intelligible account of what was going on. I don't blame such dear folk as Irvin Cobb, William Allen White, James J. Montague, Mark Sullivan, Samuel G. Blythe, Fannie Hurst and others for what they did. They couldn't resist the money offered for their names. They groaned as they wrote. Especially they groaned over the orders to be humorous, satirical, cynical. They belittled the convention steadily and in concert. It was but a big masquerade for political intrigue and all the professions of principle and patriotism were of intent to deceive. Taking it by and large the work of the trained seals was calculated to bring all politics into contempt. And while they were all cynicizing at their best along come Mr. Bryan in an outburst of sentimentalism and emotionalism that swept them off their feet for home and mother. They didn't keep their heads half so well as did the delegates for whom they had such ill-concealed contempt. William Allen White said that the party's demi-monde was in control of the convention, which was a delicate and delicious way of dealing with folk in the main as decent and as honestly earnest as any one of or from Kansas. But Will White doesn't mean that. He was just being brilliant at all hazards. That daily column-and-a-half had to be filled. Sam Blythe alone stuck to analysis of the movements in the convention, without any illusions, with a deep understanding of drifts and motives, and made one see the "works" of the great machine. Mark Sullivan was a "realist" too with the usual tendency of realists to select their own realism. Fannie Hurst mostly watched Mrs. Borden Harriman in the organ loft, in her bath-robe gown, leading in all the McAdoo demonstrations and wrote blithely of hats and gowns and of woman's bewilderment in the midst of the great game. As for Irvin Cobb he was as much a leading light of the gathering as Bryan or any of the candidates. Everybody was quoting him in and out of print. He was invited out more generally than anybody. More stuff was written about him, than he wrote about the convention. And there was something only barely short of a demonstration in the convention when Kentucky cast one vote for him for nominee. Oh, but the "trained seals" had lots of fun! Still the total result of their labors was nothing more than to create an impression that the convention was about on a par in importance with a minstrel show or a musical comedy. In a sense that may have been true, but one can hardly refrain from reflecting that a people trained so to think of our political processes are in a fair way to get the kind of government they deserve. If there's any great danger to this government, in my opinion, it is to be found in just the cynicism cultivated by the "trained seals" rather than in the roaring and raving of the "reds." We can't get anywhere other than into trouble if we are going to mock everything and believe in nothing or nobody.

Convention Personalities

A THING that impressed me in the convention was, generally speaking, the youthfulness and spruceness of many of the leaders. Some of the senators surely are more sartorial than senatorial in effect. Somehow we think of Senators as elderly, venerable men, possibly because we remember the page in Roman history wherein the barbarians from the north flocked

into the forum and plucked the beards of the Senators. But you get the effect of youthful lightness and blitheness when you behold Senator Phelan of California. Walsh of Massachusetts looks like a young neat banker. Garry of Rhode Island might be a romantic young professional parlor Socialist. Beckham of Kentucky is a gloss of fashion and mould of form. Pomerene of Ohio, in black, looks somehow like a divinity student who couldn't gain entrance to Girard College. Key Pittman is a person you associate—solely on the basis of appearance—with prosperous, well-groomed clubdom. Palmer of Pennsylvania doesn't quite live up to his "Fighting Quaker" posters. Bourke Cochran is a leonine looking lay brother of some religious order. James Hamilton Lewis' pinkness has faded, but his manner is as elegant as ever. Carter Glass worries you with his synchronous suggestion of youthfulness and antiquity. Reed of Missouri was in occultation, but when he appeared most people were surprised to find his mien so mournful and his *tout ensemble* that of youthfulness crowned with early gray. Boss Charlie Murphy of Tammany Hall, in a slate-colored suit, might have been a successful plumber walking around with an invariable expression of pained surprise at the wickedness of the world. They loomed big in the analytic and dramatic reports of the convention, but they didn't seem so busy or so dangerous. Tom Taggart and David R. Francis were, I think, the only figures in the convention who had their black valets with them. Taggart's man was the only black man I saw in the convention, and a very busy one at that. Bryan was always pointed out as he sat in the press gallery and followed about as he mixed with other politicians under the stage. He looks more like a hawk than ever when his face is in repose, but he is irresistible when he smiles. In his headquarters he held, in his time off only, continual court, receiving all kinds of people. Joe P. Robinson of Arkansas was a fine figure of a man as permanent chairman and surely knew his business. Everybody agreed that Franklin D. Roosevelt is better looking than his fifth cousin, the late, great Theodore, but he has much of Teddy's spirit as was shown when he grabbed the New York standard and carried it in the first Wilson demonstration. The anti-Wilson Tammany men tried to prevent the seizure, but Roosevelt got the banner and when it joined the parade the convention went off in a climatic outburst of applause. All these conspicuousities were on the floor or at times in the hotel lobbies mixing with the mob. They were not hid away in their rooms like the Republican bosses at Chicago. Anybody could stop them and talk to them. There was nothing offish or uppish about them. There were hot times and tense moments during the balloting but these leaders were always cool. And as cool as any of them was the Democratic woman leader, Mrs. George Bass, up on the platform, chief of the women vice-chairmen there arrayed. I guess the busiest man in the convention was Missouri's national committeeman, Edward F. Goltra. His delegation was all split up. He was for Palmer, but Palmer in the delegation never had more than eight votes, most of the others were divided between McAdoo and Cox. I see that Goltra is to be investigated. Ostensibly he is to be asked if he paid the expenses of twenty-eight Missouri delegates to San Francisco convention, but actually he is to be "grilled" on the subject of his efforts to secure remittance of a fine against his brother-in-law, Hostetter, the the Bitters man, with the understanding that, in the event of the remission, Hostetter would put the money, \$169,000, into a prohibition

movie in which Bryan was to be the star. I guess Senator Reed is "after" Goltra, for Goltra's part in Missouri's turn down of Reed, but I believe Goltra did no more than try to help his brother-in-law out of a scrape, and that Bryan is too honest to have connived at any such deal as is alleged against him and Goltra. Frank P. Walsh, at the convention, hardly looked the revolutionary person he is. Rather he looked like a young fellow about to stroll the board walk, with his very youthfully cut blue suit, his nobby and knobby-looking straw hat and his swagger-stick cane. Hiram Johnson was in the convention press gallery one day, looking rather worn. A few days later he came out with his statement that he would yield his best support to Harding if Harding would repudiate the League of Nations. That is much like the declaration of the ostracized Senator Reed who says he is still a Democrat but will never be for that immeasurable stupidity the League of Nations indorsed by a convention afflicted with the political blind-staggers.

Third Party Talk

REFERENCE to Senators Reed and Johnson as outsiders or at least sulking regulars suggests thoughts as to the third party. I don't see a third party. There is too much repulsion between the outside elements. They disagree on forty things where they agree on one. I see that the single taxers object to La Follette for third party candidate for president because he is too paternalistic. Single tax won't be acceptable to the mass of farmers who cannot distinguish between land and land value as an object of taxation. If there are many irreconcilable opponents of the League of Nations I don't see why they should fail to vote the Republican ticket. Why should people who believe in public ownership vote for the Forty-eighters' platform when they can get all that and more as they may well think by voting for Gene Debs, the Socialist? What will the new party do about prohibition? I ask that because many dries disappointed by the silence on that subject of the Democratic and Republican platforms are talking third party. The third party intellectuals are not dry. The pro-German anti-Leagueurs are not prohibitionists. The people who are against compulsory universal military service can find a declaration to their taste in the Socialist platform. The Irish sympathizers don't naturally affiliate with the kind of men who compose the committee of Forty-eight. There are not ten thousand Irishman in the United States who go as far as Frank Walsh in radicalism, much as the Irish love him. The Russian and Polish reds in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland will seek more revolution than they can find in the post-card platform. The administration is softening a little towards Russia and this will repress the noble rage of the American Bolsheviks. Truth to tell I don't much believe in the opposition to the League of Nations in the Democratic party. I attended the big dinner to Senator Reed in St. Louis and I found on the front lines in the audience first the Republican city officials and city committeemen, and then about every person in the city known or suspected as strong sympathizers with Germany. His big meetings in St. Louis were marked by more and more pronounced Republican than German management. I suppose the condition this indicates is exertant elsewhere. Irish resentment of the refusal to recognize De Valera's republic is the strongest element of Democratic disaffection, but even there we meet with the difficulty that the Irish

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do not take kindly to the open or implied socialism that is bound to cover the platform of a third party. The Non-Partisan League will not dissociate itself from Republicanism in the northwest, that is, not officially. It has accomplished what it has accomplished within the Republican party and furthermore, the primaries have been going against them in those states of late. They have failed to capture important nominations, and their initiated and referred measures have been slaughtered at the polls. It looks like the Non-Partisan League is melting down again into plain Republicanism. It is not likely that the third party movement will get much aid or comfort from Mr. Bryan. There are too many unreligious people, infidels and atheists, in it to suit him. That suggestion will repel the Irish too. The dissidents from both parties can do no better than put up separate platforms and nominees suited to carry states here and there. If they carry the states then the electors of the states carried can unite on one candidate in the electoral college or throw the election by a deadlock into the House of Representatives. But all this is too elaborate. I think that discontent will take the easiest way to express itself: That is by voting against the Democrats and for the Republicans. Furthermore, I think that third or fourth or fifth party proposals will be idealistic. People are fed up on idealism. They find that it falls down, short of achievement. That's why both parties sought a colorless nominee for President. The feeling is against the *intelligentsia*. And the feeling further is against the radicalism that is too intellectual. But above all things else militating against the success of a third party movement is the division of purpose among its advocates. The essential middle classism and evangelicalism of the disaffected dries cannot well be lined up for government ownership, single tax, however, diluted, and that extreme pacifism which amounts to anti-patriotism. With much that moves in third partyism I am in sympathy, but just now I am viewing the situation pragmatically. The fight will have to be fought out in the next election between Harding and Cox. I think now that Harding is the better bet, but I understand that so wise an observer as William Allen White figures it out that the day will be won for Cox by a concentration of support for him by the demi-monde, the red-lighters and the loose-livers of both parties. I don't think those elements can win anything. There are more decent than indecent people. And I suppose that Cox won't turn out to be so wet as Bryan has said he is. He will come out for law enforcement. No candidate can do otherwise.

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Prospects of the Canvass

I THINK that as Cox is not going to be so wet as advertised. Harding is out going to be so anti-League of Nations as he is supposed to be. Both party conventions are for a League or something like it. Neither party has spoken on it absolutely unequivocally. I think the leaders on both sides realize that the people as a whole favor a League of Nations, not necessarily Wilson's. In this view of the matter then I guess that the campaign will turn largely upon congressional canvasses. There the fight will be wet vs. dry, especially in the big states containing big cities and big brewery or liquor interests. The congressional candidates of both the big parties will run wet or dry as conditions in their district bearing upon probable success will dictate. And for the rest, thinking calmly upon the subject most of the anti-Wilsonism is Repub-

lican or, broadly speaking, socialistic, and not Democratic. We must not forget that most of the ferment that is supposed to threaten the Democratic party comes from folks of the constituency of the *New Republic* and the *Nation* and the *Freeman*, who never were Democrats or Republicans. The one man who might lead a revolt that would eviscerate both the old parties, won't do it. That's Bryan. He probably sees that the revolt would be most likely to help the Republicans and in the main he stands with the Democrats. He is a Democrat like Reed of Missouri, with reservations, and both of them are "all dressed up and no place to go."

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The League at Work

MODERATE removal of restrictions upon trade between this country and Russia indicate that President Wilson is working with Lloyd George who made a like concession to Gregory Krassin of the Soviet government as a result of "conversations" in London. So the President is still in the League of Nations if the country is not. If relations with Russia are thus mollified we may expect that relations with Germany will be softened. The disarmament of the Teutons is demanded under threat. The Germans cannot refuse. They are helpless. The German leaders probably make a show of refusal to strengthen themselves with the people. It is probable that as the Allies have apportioned the indemnity among themselves—France, 52 per cent; Great Britain, 22 per cent; Italy, 10 per cent; Belgium, 8 per cent, and Serbia 3 per cent—they have decided upon the amount of the indemnity. Having done that we may assume that they have in mind the removal of restrictions that impede the resumption of production of the goods with which Germany must pay since she cannot pay in gold. A threat of occupation of the Ruhr won't help production. The threat will probably not be carried out. The Allies need that indemnity. They need the goods. If they open up trade for Russian goods they must be anxious to foster the production of German goods. It would seem probable, therefore, that the conference at Spa will proceed in some gradual way to a softening of the terms to Germany. French fear and hatred cannot prevent this much longer. All forces are working to bring about a restoration of interchange between the nations lately at war. And as I have said this country is working with the allies, as shown by the lifting of the ban on trade with Russia. The League is working even, if the United States is only advisably and sequentially associated with it. The movement is towards peace. The President is to call a meeting of the League. Which shows also that this country is in it "constructively" as the lawyers say, without the consent of the Senate. Evidence of this is going to play a part in this election campaign. I don't think the Senate can fight such participation in the League as tends only to closer relations and the resumption of trade with Russia and Germany. American business favors such resumption. It wants this country to get in on that trade, which Great Britain has been suspected of working to monopolize. The move towards resumption, made by Wilson will help the campaign for the election of Cox. In reckoning the strength of Cox we must not forget that Woodrow Wilson is a Democrat and will do what he can to help the party win the election.

The Oil Famine

THE other day the commander of a destroyer on the Pacific Coast called upon the Union Oil Company at Oleum for three hundred barrels of oil. The company would not deliver it. Not, at least, at the Navy's price, \$1.60 per barrel. The company sees no reason why the Navy shouldn't pay for oil what everybody else pays, *i. e.*, \$2.60 per barrel. Indeed the oil company doesn't see why the Navy should pay but \$1.60 per barrel on the Pacific Coast when it pays \$3.85 on the Atlantic Coast. The destroyer commander didn't get his oil. The guns of the Navy were not turned loose on the oil tanks. Secretary of the Navy Daniels is in Seattle. The company says it is the Navy's next move. One wonders if the Government will exercise its right of eminent domain or whether the oil company will hold off the Navy by means of an injunction or something like that. The incident attracts no special attention save as a high point in the general situation as to oil. There is a severe shortage of oil. Automobilists cannot get more than five gallons at a time, and at most garages and filling stations, not that much. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had to put up his car the other night and make a one-night stand because he couldn't get enough oil to go any distance. People generally hesitate to start out for a ride on which the chances are that they will run out of oil supply which cannot be replenished. This, within calling distance of one of the world's best oil fields. The usual explanation is given. There is more demand than supply. There is lack of workers. Automobile owners grumble, but it does no good. Stalled tourists fret and fume. Railroad travel increases. Equipment is short on the railroads. The lid on gasoline is more distressful than the ban on liquor. Up goes the price. It may go to \$20 a quart, like booze. Everybody is surprised, but four months ago oil experts told us gasoline was going to be 50 cents a gallon by July 1st. Nobody prepared for it. And the Government prepared no more than the ordinary citizen. The Democratic Party declared that the Government must encourage the discovery and production of oil at home and abroad. The Government is "after the fair" on this. Great Britain has been grabbing and developing oil lands since the beginning of the war. The next war will be fought on oil as much as with explosives. Maybe we can get oil in Mexico. We may have to fight to get it. And the country is at the mercy of the possessors of oil land. There's a big issue looming in this. And all I say here and now is that the oil question is a land question, like most other economic questions. The oil in the land belongs to the people. The Government can tax the oil out of the land by taking the lands value over and above use.

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Convention at Chicago

NEWSPAPER accounts of the parturition of a third party at Chicago indicate that there has been no precipitation of the floating ideas there into concrete proposals upon which all groups represented can unite. The Prohibitionists, turned down on their demand for a dry plank by both the old parties, have made little impression. There is much denunciation of many things, but no union upon definition of constructive policy or purpose.

Only the single taxers know what they want. They say if the country can get that there will be no need for anything else. The

farmers are at cross-purposes with union labor and there is no agreement as to whether the President's League of Nations only shall be condemned or any league. There is something of unease over the presence and apparent influence of I. W. W. so-called Bolshevik agitators. The temper of the gathering is more radical than liberal. The two points upon which all elements are agreed are that both the old party conventions were controlled by Wall Street and international financiers and that government by Mitchell Palmerism, through raids and injunctions must be exterminated. A question of moment is as to how far Non-Partisan League policies of governmental entrance upon business shall be carried, after the convention has declared for government ownership of railroads, mines, abattoirs, etc., all these things are being threshed out in committee.

The dissenters have not agreed upon a name for the new party, but there seems to be no doubt that Robert Marion LaFollette will be its presidential nominee. There is much curiosity throughout the country about the movement but not much enthusiasm. The convention is attended by the well-known intransigents of all the big cities. It represents little of defection from either of the old parties on recent issues. Most of the leaders have been out of the old parties for a long time. Until the platform of the organization is made public it would be folly to discuss the party and its probable effect upon this presidential campaign.

LOS ANGELES, July 7-12.

Reflections

By Charles J. Finger

The Price of Meat

THE man in the wagon was ragged bearded and furrowed. He was one of those who had grown old without ever having been young. He was dressed in patched overalls and wore no socks. He sat on his wagon seat hunched up, elbows on his knees and urged his bony steeds with grunts. That the sky was a glory of blue and silver did not affect him. Nor did he find cheer in the tree-covered hills or the distant Ozarks. However, he was going my way, and surlily invited, I clambered to his side. I said that I trusted all was well with him. He regarded me with darkening eye, and said, laconically, albeit poetically, "Well? Hell!" Then he spat meditatively. Presently he grew conversational. "Carried a bunch of hogs to market and had to sell 'em for fifteen," he said. I told him that we were paying 48 to 65 cents for meat. Then there were grumblings and wonderings and voiced discontents. The pair of us spoke of coming trouble. Mentioning the incident later, a man in the Pullman spoke of silk socks worn by laborers and gouging farmers and emphatically declared that prices could not fall, because labor cost too much.

So there you are. The under dog gets the blows. But is it fair? Is labor to blame? Actually it is not. That the labor item in the meat packing industry is a wholly negligible one in the total price is substantiated by the Census Report of Manufacturers. Labor costs represent only four per cent of the total expenses of the packing industry. A wage increase of one hundred per cent would add less than five per cent to the total expenses of the industry. But the consumer pays for meat an increase of from fifty per cent to one hundred per cent over pre-war prices. Get that straight. Wage increases are not responsible for the increase in the price of meat. Neither does the farmer get the surplus. On the contrary, with the market price of feed,

it does not pay to raise hogs. The increase in the price of meat is due to the cupidity of dealers and retailers, and the brunt of the responsibility lies with the five big packing companies.

To come down to brass tacks, and to give authority, refer to "Moody's Manual." Here is what you find: Swift and Co. gained a percentage on capital stock from 1912-14 of 12.1 per cent and from 1916 to 1918 of 30.5. For the same periods Armour and Co. shows 32.1 per cent and 88.9 per cent, Cudahy Packing Co. 10.7 per cent and 25.4 per cent, Wilson & Co. 4.7 per cent and 20.9 per cent, Morris & Co. 65.9 per cent and 146.1 per cent. Remember, these figures mean net earnings—that is, after the deduction of fixed charges such as taxes and other overhead charges. So you have this, to hit the high spots.

The increase in the price charged for beef was eight times the entire labor cost of the product in the packing industry.

By raising prices and taking advantage of the people at large, the five great packing house companies have taken profits aggregating over a quarter of a billion dollars since 1912. Meanwhile the farmers are squeezed until it does not pay to raise meat for the market.

Further, if you will leave the beaten tracks and go to any of the poor quarters in any city, you will see today harried women haggling for cheap cuts, offal and shanks and ends. You will also find hunger. Hungry people represent a potential of destructive force to measure which no instrument has yet been made, but which, if suddenly released will destroy much of this that we boast of as civilization. The two political candidates will seize upon the trouble and use it to their advantage in the coming campaign. They will platitudinize and orate and indulge in demagogical superheated atmosphere, but their promises will avail nothing. They have no constructive program. Their remedies will be quack remedies, because neither Harding nor Cox will strike at the root of the matter, which is monopoly. Only the full appropriation of the entire rental value of land for public use will avail.

Why Did Proctor Do It?

To hand over half a million dollars more or less, would seem to indicate either a deep and abiding love by the giver for the recipient, or else a confident expectation of benefits to be received. Did Proctor love Wood that much? Quien sabe. Of course Proctor was not in what one might call financial straits. Proctor, of Proctor and Gamble, is what may be called in plain language, a profiteer. Consider this. From 1912-14 this concern with a capitalization of \$14,250,000 was earning \$4,000,000 on its capital stock. That is slightly over 28 per cent. During the war, the average earnings rose to \$7,664,118 which figures out at 53.7 per cent. In 1918 the profits were 9,719,804, or 68.2 on the investment. The profits of the corporation then are replacing the entire capital stock in less than two years. Knowing that, people interested in domestic economy, sit up, take notice and commence to become interested in political economy. The price of soap cuts a figure in the household budget. It has an effect on the cost of living. Proctor knew that. He also knew that the United States Railroad Board had looked into the matter and that Proctor & Gamble had been classed with the profiteers. Now you begin to see why he was interested in the election or nomination of Wood. Furthermore, Colonel Proctor had the military bug in his bonnet. The Ohio State Militia interested him hugely. Military titles are dear to this profiteer's soul. And if his man had been elected President, and if Secretary Baker resigned, or died, or betook himself to civilian pursuits—well, half a million dollars isn't much you know if the money comes easy and you can buy your heart's desire.

Ford's Railroad

Henry Ford has bought the D. T. & I. Speculation is the order of the day, and there are all kinds of wild guesses as to what he will do with it. The favorite guess is that he will use it to experiment with, and that the practicability of some new car he is supposed to be inventing will be demonstrated. The truth is that the old owners were glad to get rid of it on any terms. It was a white elephant. Just before the war, it was so badly run down, that at one time every locomotive was out of service. The road bed was in a dangerous condition. The bridges were unsafe. There was some talk of abandoning it. Indeed, not so long ago I was on the verge of making arrangements for the purchase of a part of the property for a company, that had bought four or five roads. Had the purchase been made, the branch would have been scrapped. Ford's purchase may save a part of it, for his reason for purchasing was to give him cheap coal from the Kanawha district, just as the Phelps Dodge people bought the E. P. N. E. in New Mexico to bring coal from the Dawson fields to their smelters in Cananea. Like the road in Ohio that Ringling brothers, of circus fame, recently bought and which was part of the old C. H. & D., the D. T. & I. had no reason for its being. The territory it passed through was sufficiently served by other existing lines. Further at the northern end there were no dock facilities. There are many roads in the country in similar circumstances to the D. T. & I. In some cases the burden of interest payments was so great that the physical integrity of the property could not be maintained and they fell, as it were from sheer exhaustion. In other cases, they were never needed and never should have been built. In the past three years, 987 miles of railroad have been dismantled.

I can name over two hundred roads that do not pay operating expenses. More must follow. The automobile will hasten their end.

The Thinker

THE average man is thinking, thinking. He may seem to be listening to the platitudinous utterances of politician and platform orator, but he is thinking. He does not believe in the sincerity of those who, writing the Democratic platform, set down that "the world must disarm or starve." He has heard high sounding phrases before. He knows that political promises are but lightly held. He knows that while the political gamesters talk of disarmament, their fellows in office prepare for war. For did not Secretary of the Navy Daniels, at the keel laying of the "Montana," dilate at length upon preparedness and point with pride to the cost of the projected dreadnaught? Twenty million dollars he had said would be the cost. Twenty million dollars! And fifteen hundred men it would take to man the ship. Reading that, the average man smiled but without merriment. He knew that while England, having learned from bitter experience, had practically abandoned battleship building, our own Navy Department has been given authority for still more construction. Too, he knew that the senate committee headed by Mr. Fall, had declared in effect that Mexico must change its constitution to suit American investors lest it be invaded. So the average man ponders, wondering who is to pay the bill.

But they are only expenses to come. He knows of other very present things: of railroad deficits and post office deficits, of proposed congressional junketings, of federal extravagances. It may be that the Treasury statement of operations for the fiscal year has met his eye with its report of a deficit of \$893,963,146, for, mind you, while the average man is no skilled financier, he knows that a deficit means taxes and taxes and taxes again and again and again. He knows enough of elementary arithmetic to wonder what will happen presently, on learning that the Panama Canal earned \$5,664,741 while operating costs were \$11,365,714 and that the same relation of earnings and expenses has persisted since the opening day. There are other things that make

him think, and, thinking, he perceives that the burden is a hopeless one and that our masters, the talkers, that rule and govern and direct us, have no answer for the problems except one, and that is, to tax and tax and tax him and his fellows, to lay the burden on industry and enterprise. Then he wonders why men do not see that the only way out is that the rental value of land should be collected by the government. Take it from me—the average man is thinking.



Fashions in Fancies

MUCH of this Psycho-analysis stuff is a recrudescence of old, old ideas as to the nature of man, stated in new terms. What difference is there for instance, between the idea of the Unconscious, as the Freudian term has it, and Original sin, or the Old Adam within a man? So far, so good. But there is another side to the new fad, and it is well displayed in a couple of books that lie before me. They are, "A General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis" by Professor Freud (Boni & Liveright, and Psycho-Analysis by Barbara Low (Harcourt, Brace & Howe). Reading, it becomes plain that the Freudians hold the idea that most men, women and children are subconsciously preoccupied with ungratified sexual appetites. That of course is absurd. But the Freudian idea holds otherwise. According to it, the human subconsciousness is so incessantly preoccupied with sexual appetite, that the conscious controlling mind has only to wander for a moment to afford opportunity for a mental orgy. Freud holds—but one had better leave unwritten what he holds, for much of it if believed, would strike terror to the heart. To dream of a cap, an overcoat, a cave, a fruit tree, a monkey wrench, a telegraph pole, a pair of shoes, horse riding or flying is dangerous when the

potential indecent symbolism of these is known. A slip of the tongue has its meaning and can be interpreted. Even memories have their relations to sexual significance. Mark this for example from Miss Low's book and smile:

A man of twenty-four always retained vividly this picture from the fifth year of his life; he was sitting on a stool in a summer-house by his aunt, who was teaching him his alphabet. He found difficulty in distinguishing the letter M from N, and begged his aunt to show him how to do so. His aunt called attention to the extra portion (one more stroke) in the letter M. Why did this apparently trivial incident remain more than a thousand others? The reason became clear when it was found that the memory of this picture served to cover a deeper desire—namely, a wish, in later years to discover the difference between boy and girl, and through the medium of that same aunt. Further, when his desire was realized, he discovered that the boy (like the letter M) had one portion more than the girl (the N).

There is something in the Freudian idea that our impulses are only partially deliberate, and in some respect dictated by inherited tendencies. Anyone who has pondered on Free-will and Predestination has accepted that. Fiske touched upon it. Darwin too hinted at it in his "Expression of Emotion in Man and Animals." But Freudianism, like every other theory advanced has attracted to its self unwelcome guests and may well wish to be saved from its friends. Freud himself, in his delight at having added his quota to the sum of human knowledge, has planned too large a house on too slim a foundation. Under the cloak of psycho-analysis much of the stuff that was paraded by half wits under the name of phallicism has found shelter. The sane man will know how to separate the wheat from the chaff.

the case; there is no evidence that they ever met. What testimony we have, indeed, tells against such a companionship, for Shakespeare did not use Stow's "Summarie of English Chronicles", or his "Annales," in the preparation of the historical plays; while Stow, in the first edition of his "Survey of London," printed in 1598, has little to say about the theaters.

One conceives a delightful picture of the young Shakespeare walking through the city with the devoted annalist, listening to the romantic story of the streets and houses of London; but that is a dream of things as they should have been. Where one looks with most right for confirmation there is an hiatus, and the probability is that the patriotic and conservative citizen, John Stow, shared the views of the city authorities with regard to the stage. . . .

I shall always believe that John Stow saw Shakespeare, and could at least have described him. It seems incredible that the one should never have encountered the other, whether or not they ever exchanged talk. Why, doubters have cried, except for the Bible and the single reference in Josephus, have we no contemporaneous chronicle of Jesus? Surely, so important a personage. . . ! Etc. That is absurd. The gospels are contemporaneous chronicles of Jesus, and cannot be dismissed. But granting the argument to be valid, it is less mysterious than the case of Shakespeare, who, as chronologically considered beside the Christ, is of our own day.

Questionless, those gay frequenters of the Mermaid are open to a charge of carelessness; but it was not theirs to draft a "Who's Who" of the period. John Stow was the avowed historian of his day, and a copious writer. He walked in the literal echo of Shakespeare's steps; yet his books contain no faintest indication that he so much as knew that Shakespeare lived.

In John Stow, tailor and historian, I present my first instance of unconscious touch with personal immortality. "If only he could have known!"

The world owes much to Plutarch; yet in at least one instance that garrulous and industrious biographer told all too little, even while he hinted that he might have told much. Readers who remember his account of Antony, will recall how naively he suggests the homely picture of a small boy (himself) sitting still and listening with open ears and staring eyes, while grandpa tells the racy story of Marc Antony's scandalous behavior, way down in Egypt's land. It was second-hand with grandpa, to be sure, but it was great gossip, and we could do very well with more of it.

Antony, old inhabitants will recall, had suffered Cleopatra to carry him away to Alexandria, where, to be mildly descriptive, they kept holiday. There was that gay company called "The Inimitable Livers", whose members entertained one another daily, in turn, "with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief." Then, says Plutarch:

"Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias, that, having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, 'Surely you have a great number of guests.' The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn, and if anything was but one minute ill-timed, it was spoiled; 'And,' said he, 'maybe Antony will sup now, maybe not this hour, maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that,' he continued, 'it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness,

Shaking Hands with Immortality

By Vincent Starrett

THE need for fairy godmothers always has been crying. One cannot far indulge the deplorable habit of thought without encountering an *if*. Those mythical "three wishes" hold their grasp upon the imagination with a futile but breathless tenacity.

Most fascinating perhaps of mental exercises is speculation concerning the future; but its almost parallel in interest, one thinks, is a *posteriori* conjecture with reference to a painted past. . . .

"If some enchanter should offer to recover for me a single hour of the irrecoverable past, I think I should choose to be placed among the audience at the Globe theatre, in or about the year 1600, with liberty to run around between the acts and interview the author-actor-manager, Master Shakespeare, in his tiring room. For this I would give—one can afford to be lavish in bidding for the inconceivable—say a year of my life. There is nothing more difficult than to form a vivid and satisfactory picture of the material conditions under which Shakespeare worked; and there is nothing more fascinating than the attempt to do so. It is not a matter of idle curiosity."

Thus Mr. William Archer, writing (some years ago) on "A Sixteenth Century Playhouse."

That is a pleasant fancy, and many will agree entirely with Mr. Archer; although doubtless there will be some who would choose to ride with Rupert, or dine with the Medici, or barge it up the Nile with Cleopatra—dangerous enough occupations, all of them. One's own inclination is to stand (or run around) with Mr. Archer; although the counter-attraction of hobnobbing with Master François Villon and the companions of the cockleshell is alluring.

Granted this sorcerous privilege, however, it may be assumed that an intelligent individual, cognizant of the importance of his translation, would choose

a period concerning whose activities or aesthetic endeavors the present world would gladly know more. Obviously, this lets out the selfish person who would misuse the ineffable favor to recall his childhood, or a perished honeymoon. One has no particular quarrel with the man who thinks with "fond recollection" of

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,"

but certainly he is not to be trusted with this inestimable boon; for there are more momentous matters calling for solution than the present whereabouts of a "moss-covered bucket."

I am leisurely, and a bit circuitously, leading up to a point, which is this: that much of this potter about other days and other ways might have been avoided had careless citizens of that vanished past looked well to their opportunities. This may seem equivalent merely to saying, stupidly, that, possessed of adequate contemporary records of Shakespeare (or whom you like), we should know more than we do at present *without* such records; but the point goes deeper. The fact is, a number of persons of some importance *did* leave contemporary records of considerable value, yet neglected outstanding interests and figures of even greater moment. Here, then, it seems, is ground for an authentic protest—particularly as our chroniclers often evidence complete familiarity with that for which (save for the hint) we seek in vain.

Of all contemporaries of Shakespeare who have left us some account of their living, we have perhaps the right to expect most of John Stow, the great historian of London. In 1590, Stow would have been 65 years of age, and Shakespeare 26; but while it is certainly possible that the elder man may have talked much with the younger, there is not a staver of actual evidence that this was

as it is impossible to guess at this hour.' This was Philotas's story, who related besides, that he afterwards came to be one of the medical attendants of Antony's eldest son by Fulvia, and used to be invited pretty often, among other companions, to his table, when he was not supping with his father . . . These anecdotes my grandfather told us Philotas used frequently to relate."

Frequently, observe! And surely there were more than these two. Did Plutarch know them? If not, we must saddle the blame upon Philotas or Lamprias. But Plutarch, while he narrates them with a certain zest, seems not to have attached the importance to them as human detail that they would seem to merit; and if he suppressed other and even more human details of Antony's carryings on, as one suspects, we must name him also with those who, shaking hands with immortality, leered civilly and turned away.

Suetonius is even more culpable, for that careful historian in some manner actually fell heir to the autograph manuscripts of a collection of poems by the Emperor Nero, recorded the event in his *Life* of that ingenious monarch, and then failed to reproduce the verses! One comes upon that passage in old Philemon Holland's translation with something of a shock, particularly when one is frankly a collector of literary and historical memorials. The allusion is in half a dozen lines:

"Being of his owne accord readily enclined to Poetry, he (Nero) made verses voluntarily and without paine. Neither did he (as some think) set forth other mens Poems as his owne. There have come into mine hands writing tables and bookes containing verses very famous and well knowne abroade, written with his owne hand; so as a man may easily see they were not copied out of other bookes, nor yet taken from the mouth of any other that indited them, but plainly penned, as a man would say, by one that studied for them, and as they came in his head, so put them downe: so many blots and skrapings out, so many dashes and interlinings were in them."

That is all. That is the first and last mention of a collection of manuscripts that Mr. Henry E. Huntington would mortgage the state of New York to procure. Suetonius actually had them in his possession. There can be no such excuse for him as may be found perhaps for Master Stow and Plutarch, who may, after all, have told everything they knew. Suetonius distinctly failed in his duty to posterity, and it is high time he were scolded for it.

I submit, too, that the names of the three hundred Spartans who made the final stand at Thermopylae would have a historical value today. It is discouraging, if this be true, to read that Herodotus knew them, obtained the complete list, and then failed to report, or, at least, to record it. He is quite casual about it; the reference slinks along in a couple of lines:

"By this time the spears of the greater number (of Greeks) were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed, I have those of all the three hundred."

Whose names he had taken care to learn! But where are they? A footnote relates that "these names were all inscribed on a pillar at Sparta, which remained standing in the time of Pausanias." If they were furnished for that purpose by Herodotus, we must temper our censure of that picturesque chronicler; but there is nothing to show that they were. And Pausanias is as silent on the subject as he can very well be, since he mentions it not at all.

So much for the ancients. Consider now the following paragraph, which is the opening paragraph, from Thackeray's "Four Georges":

"A very few years since, I knew familiarly a lady, who had been asked in marriage by Horace

Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne. I often thought as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield, and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maids of honour of George II.'s court; of the German retainers of George I.'s; where Addison was secretary of state; where Dick Steel held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse; when Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote."

Now, Thackeray, of course, made good use of his material. We may wish he had done more with the mine of information at his disposal, but we cannot justly condemn him for failure to recognize the importance of this unique old lady and her amazing recollections. No doubt much that is set down in his novels came from that source. But it would be a matter for congratulation, would it not, if someone had captured each word that fell from that old lady's lips? Better, if she had been able herself to write her memoirs! And her diary—had she only kept one—might well have rivaled Pepys's. Here was an amiable soul vigorously shaking hands with immortality, and possibly quite incompetent to set down her reaction to her environment. Doubtless she attached little but a personally sentimental significance to the picturesque gossip drawn from her by the author of "Henry Esmond."

One is reminded, although the story is not entirely *a propos*, of the dear old lady who, upon being asked whether she had ever seen Queen Victoria, replied that she had not, but that she had a friend who had "come very nigh to seeing the Duke of Wellington." She, at least, appreciated the significance of the question, and strove mightily to justify her existence. And, too, while we are about it, there is the thoroughly charming tale of the gentleman who went to the home of Dr. Johnson, knocked upon the door panels, then stood with beating heart and wavering knees until, in the corridor beyond the door, he heard the slow "scuff-scuff" of Dr. Johnson's shoes. Whereupon, overcome by the temerity of his deed, he turned and fled before the door could be opened. Afterward, when Johnson was dead, this gentleman asserted, with justifiable pride, that he realized with a deep and abiding joy that once he had heard the "scuffling" of Dr. Johnson's feet!

This, it seems, is an understandable emotion, savoring not too greatly of an intolerable hero-worship. There are a number of kinds of hero-worship, and the right kind is a certificate of nobility. I hold no brief; however, for the lad who capitalized this human failing, upon a day, and stood upon a box, in a city street, calling, "This way, ladies and gents! For five cents, I will raise the box and show youse a footprint made by Terry McGovern, himself!"

Who, however, does not thrill mildly at the memory of a happy and distinguished association? Not many years ago, I was casually moved by talking with a bed-ridden old man, *about* 104, who had seen and talked with Lafayette, and a friend of mine still gossips, inoffensively, about an old fellow *he* knew who had seen and talked with Washington.

Isaac Dimmick was the name of this old fellow. He was half blind, and so old that no one attempted to guess his age. He lived in Ottawa, Ill., where my friend, as a small boy, knew him.

"He patted me on this old head," said Isaac

Dimmick. "Wasn't so old then—but this is the head! 'Twas just before the Revolution, or mebbe just after, and Dad and I was workin' in the field. We lived in Connecticut then, and I was a little shaver. As we was workin' there, up comes a party of horsemen, six or seven of 'em. Their leader was a magnificent big man in a blue coat, ridin' a big horse.

"Can you direct me to the nearest ford, my friend?" says he to Dad. But Dad was staring at him so hard he couldn't answer; so I spoke up and told him where the ford was. Then he leaned down from his horse, and patted me on the head. 'Thank you, my boy,' says he—like that! This is the head! That man was General George Washington!"

Pressed for details, Dimmick said: "He was a tall handsome man, and he was a fine figure of a man on a horse. Only time he smiled was when I told him where the ford was. Very soldierly looking man, he was, with a big nose and an eye like a hawk. He had on a blue coat."

Not much in that, of course, but an ecstatic note in the recollection of Isaac Dimmick, who passed it on for what it was worth; indeed, he told the story to anyone who would listen, as often as one cared to hear it, says my friend. And so my friend has talked with a man who talked with Washington, and it pleases him; while I am somewhat pleased myself to know a man who knew a man who had seen Washington. That is as good, anyway, as almost seeing the Duke of Wellington.

Thackeray's old lady was perhaps no better equipped for delighting later generations than was Rogers, the poet, whose life spanned two mighty epochs in literature. But Rogers, I believe, made some use of his material—at least, we have his "Table Talk." William Howitt, summarizing this feature of Rogers' life, remarks that the banker-poet, was the friend and companion of Byron, Scott, Moore, Crabbe, Fox, Campbell Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, to mention only a few, and concludes with the amusing intelligence that "he was within thirty miles of Ayr when Burns was living there."

Just what merit Howitt saw in Rogers' proximity to Ayr, at that time, since the poet did not go on and meet Burns, is not apparent. The incident seems about on a par with that suggested in the Wellington story, or with one's own third-hand meeting with the Father of his Country; but the record of Rogers' friendships is interesting, and we may be pardoned for wishing he had done more with the material under his hand.

History and literature teem with instances which might be added to those already mentioned, but it is needless to quote them. Suffice it to say that there is today less likelihood of embryonic immortality being overlooked by contemporary historians and biographers than ever was the case in the past. In this crowded day, every man in public life (and many in private life) writes his recollections or his confessions, and embalms his friends and acquaintances for prosperity; while few indeed are the important manuscripts that escape incarceration in some permanent collection or other.

All are of importance to the future; of how great significance only the future may tell. Living in the most important and significant day perhaps that has occurred in history, we are leaving behind us a record so involved and colossal that the only problem future chroniclers will have to confront is that of separating the wheat from the chaff, and segregating the sheep and the goats.

Many are the sheep, and many indeed are the goats.

One hopes, however, that in the welter of present-day chronicle and comment, no authentic molder of thought or action, no veritable weaver of tale or fancy, no faithful servant of life or beauty, whom the future shall wish to honor, will vanish in the obscurity of congestion.

Dust to Dust

By Charles J. Finger

THE house stood nakedly on the *pampa*. It gazed with its two black, crooked windows on the distant Magellan Straits. On its unpainted walls were three fox skins nailed there to dry, and black grease patches marked the place where other pelts had hung. A corral a few steps away held a half dozen horses that restlessly weaved about with now and then a subdued snort. The corral posts were carelessly, crookedly set, and the wire that formed the enclosure was loose. Between the house and the corral was a *polinche*, to which was fastened, by shortened *cabriestros*, four saddled horses. Two others grazed a little further off, and, hindered by the *manares*, leaped awkwardly as they moved. Several sheep dogs lay around with head resting on fore paws as they watched their masters with keen eyes. Except for the distant bleating of sheep and a sound of irregular hammering that came from behind the house, the quiet of the *pampa* reigned. Four men standing at the corral looked at the horses without talking. They were dressed in rough tweeds and wore long boots that reached to the thigh. Their headgears, either "fore-and-afters" or Tam o'Shanter, told of their nationality—Scotch—Falkland Islanders. A man approached the group coming from the rear of the house. He was dressed in dungaree pants and a leather coat and wore a battered Stetson.

"Got a pipeful?" he asked, then taking the offered plug, lounged to the corral bars and leaned against them with his right foot stuck over the lower bar and his elbows resting on the upper.

"Jenkins get it finished yet?" asked one, looking at his spurs as though he addressed them.

"Ready to put her in. . . . Guess some er you'll have to do that job. I swear it's more'n I can do."

"MacLaren, he ought to do that," said a tall man. "She's 'is wife, ain't she? It's his job by rights. I'd do it if I'd a wife."

"MacLaren? Hell! He's as drunk as a fiddler's bitch, he is. He couldn't do nothin'."

"It's a sair blow to the bairns," said McLeod. "Twa wee lassies an bonnie ains. Puir bairnies."

There was a silence for a space, then one of the men took off his cap, and looked at it with apparent interest. He said: "Patagonia's a hell of a place to bring a woman to anyhow. . . . 'Spect Jenkins'll have to put her in it. . . . Them niggers don't care like we do, they don't. . . . He measured her for it, anyhow."

"Say what you like, it's McLaren's job by right," said the tall man. . . . "But then if he's drunk as all that, what you going to do? But it's gotter be done somehow, an' it'll take three hours to get down to Peckett Harbor with that bullock cart outfit, too. . . . You can't go so fast with her in it as if you was hauling things."

There was a long silence, and the tall man spoke again. "Then there's a prayer. . . . You can't bury a woman like a dog, you can't. Someone ought to say a prayer." He cut long slivers from the corral bar as he spoke, doing it with meticulous care. "Something ought ter be done that way. 'Spect she was a Catholic, too. . . . She was a Cameron from Invernesshire, and them's all Catholics. . . . God Almighty! What a place to bring a woman to."

"I ken McRae will e'n hae the pipes. He'll gie us 'Flowers o' the Forest,'" said McLeod.

"That's all right, but what about the prayer?" asked the tall man. "There ought to be something. . . . Maybe the cook'll do it. Cockney Ted's a scholar, kinder."

One of the men sniffed heavily. "Smell the coffee?" he asked. "They're burning coffee in there on the

stove. It's the only thing to do. The smell's awful, by God!"

"It's the fever," said the tall man. "When they die givin' birth like that, there's always fever. . . . The body don't last no time."

"It's awfu', mon," protested McLeod. "I canna but greet for th' twa bairnies. . . . I canna stand it at a', I canna. . . . Han' me the bottle, Jock, till I tak' a wee tot."

The bottle was passed around, and the men, after drinking and lighting their pipes, sauntered like bashful school boys to the rear of the house, followed by the dogs. Presently, with much creaking and groaning from the lumbering wheels, the bullock cart was brought to the front and backed close to the door.

* * *

Within, the widower's drunken wailing filled the air. Seated on a corner of the table that had been pushed close to the wall to afford passage to the coffin, he held a half empty bottle of Three Star Martell brandy in his right hand, and with his left covered his eyes, though plainly peeping through his fingers. The greasy table was littered with a heterogeneous mess. Tin cups, a frying pan, scraps of mutton, a comb and a filthy brush were in plain sight. A coffee mill seemed half submerged with other food litter. Under the table a dog was gnawing a mutton bone and another scratched itself by the stove, its hind leg thumping heavily on the floor. The pungent smoke from the burning coffee beans on the red hot stove top wreathed the low ceiling. The warmth and smell were suffocating. The men struggled with the coffin, a thing of bare pine wood, for the doorway was narrow.

"Chase them there bloody dogs out, Jenkins," whispered the tall man hoarsely as he wiped his perspiring forehead with his sleeve. "Kick 'em out. They bin eatin' rotten meat." There was a scuffle and a whine, then yelpings.

MacLaren, who had been silent for a few moments, raised his lamentations anew. His talk was a queer mixture of Scotch and Punta Arenas dialect.

"Canny now. Gae canny. Dinna knock the bittie stove-pipe doon. Ah! Sair the day for me, sair the day. . . . Eh! Eh! . . . The Lord giveth an' the Lord taketh awa'. Blessed be . . . *Carramba, hombre!* Jenkins! Jenkins! *Cuidado* fer the stove there! . . . Lord! Lord! Why hast thou laid thy hand on me? (Then in a husky whisper to McLeod, "Wull ye noo hae a tot mon? Here's the bottle. Tak' it mon. Tak a wee drink.") "Guid was she as a wife, an' I'll nae see her more. O Lord God! She was a guid Catholic and ne'er a priest near. . . . The mither o' me bairnies. . . . *Madre de Dios*, man, Jenkins, go canny there! You'll knock the wee bit furniture to pieces. *Put a madre* man, gae canny! You nigger, you! You ugly black son of a bitch. . . . What did she go an' dee for an' leave me wi' th' bairns? . . . Oh, God! God damn the luck. . . . I'm a poor *mac na veitch*, I am. . . . An' I wish to God I'd ne'er seen the bloody country, I do. An' I micht ha' married Marian, who's livin'. . . . Eh! Eh! Oh Lord God, why so hard on a poor bloody bastard like me?"

The tall man turned to Cameron as they set the coffin on the floor. "Take that damned fool outside and fill him up with rot gut till he drops, for God's sake."

Thus MacLaren was led forth weeping, and more beans were strewn on the stove top. The men coughed violently, and from outside came the protesting wail of MacLaren, "I ought to see her before you nail her in that bloody box. Lea' me loose, I say. Lea' me loose, you bastard, I'm nae sae drunk."

Then came a sound as of a body falling against the wooden wall of the house, and heavy groans.

As Cameron hastily re-entered the room, rubbing his knuckles, the tall man and the negro appeared from the inner room with a long, white bundle. The colored man Jenkins was weeping, his face a peculiar gray. McLeod came after him with another white wrapped bundle, pitifully small.

There were terrible offices to perform, and presently the men were full of consternation to find the box was too shallow. . . . The five men had to put their full weight upon the lid while the negro nailed it down. A sibilant sound came from the corpse. "For God's sake—" said Jenkins.

"And then we'll have to wire it, or it'll never stand the trip in that jolty bullock cart," whispered the tall man.

* * *

It was dark before the cortege reached the *estancia*. The sheep shearers and laborers were gathered about a newly made grave. A drizzling rain had commenced to fall at sunset and it was difficult to move about without slipping. A Chilean stood at the grave head with a lantern which he tried to shelter from the gusty wind with his poncho. From the hillside came the wierd wailing of bagpipes, and the sound mingled with the subdued moaning of the sea as the waves beat at the foot of the *baranca*. From far out in the straits came the hollow ululation of a steamer's siren horn.

The men who bore the coffin from the bullock car to the grave side had difficulty in keeping their footing on the slope.

"There ought to have been ropes," said someone.

"There ain't nothing," answered a voice out of the dark. "It makes my ahs tired."

Then two men jumped into the grave, and, with much clumsy handling and nervous whispered instructions, the coffin was handed to them. The bagpipe dirge ceased and all became conscious of the beating rain. Clambering from the grave, one of the men missed his step and stumbled back on to the coffin, his heel cracking the lid. A brief glare threw a red light as someone on the outside of the group tried to kindle a torch, but the beating rain extinguished it in a moment.

"Cook, you read that there service," said a voice, and a man was urged to the head of the grave, the Chilean holding the lantern high. A shower of loose earth displaced by some erring foot, rattled noisily on the coffin lid. Hurriedly, the cook began mumbling his words, his hands trembling violently.

"Man that is born of woman 'ath a short time to live an' is full er misery. 'E cometh up and is cut down like . . ."

A gust of wind blew the light wildly. It flickered for a brief moment then went out. There was a questing and a fumbling for matches, but everything was wet.

"Say the 'Our Father,' and have done with it, cook," said a deep voice from the foot of the grave.

"God! I cahnt. Some 'er you do it," he replied. "I just cahnt. I'm all knocked up, I am." There was a queer catch in his voice.

Some on the edge of the group had already gone. Their distant voices and footsteps were heard. It was so dark that those on one side of the grave could not see those on the other. The deep voice from out the darkness at the foot of the grave said:

"Then, 'Dust to Dust an Ashes to Ashes.' Amen."

Relieved by the opportunity afforded for action, unseen hands seized shovels and wet earth began to fall with dull thuds on the coffin.

When the Chilean returned from the cook-house with the lantern relighted, a heap of clay marked the place where the grave had been. He stuck a roughly made cross that he had brought with him into the soil at the grave head, stood a moment shivering, gravely crossed himself, then went, slipping and stumbling, down the hill to the men's quarters.

Letters from the People

Pursued or Pursuing?

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Sedalia, Mo., July 10, 1920.

Are we to understand by his reply to Mr. Chubb, that Mr. Finger believes that women deliberately lay in wait for men, to trap them into matrimony?

The idea is entirely contrary to generally accepted notions and as such, I cannot believe that C. J. F. is writing seriously, though stories that I have read from his pen give me the impression that he is sincere.

GEO. H. BODE

[Certainly, Mr. Bode. Woman is the huntress, and necessarily must be in a society in which she is economically dependent. With her, marriage is a changing of jobs. That's all. It seems to be the easier way out. So she hunts for, and captures a man. Fear of possible hunger urges her. Of course she soon becomes disillusioned when she finds that housework is a far harder task than any she found in the commercial life. However, the average man soon becomes reconciled to his lot and in his secret soul rebels, but fails to see that what the world really requires

is economic freedom. With that once achieved, social freedom will follow, and jealousy in the marriage state and all that it implies will become a thing of the past.

C. J. F.]

Is Vivisection Brutalizing?

Cleveland, Ohio, July 9, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have read your editorial on vivisection and the communications following it.

There is one view of vivisection that has not been taken, and that is its effect upon those who practice it.

It is not normal for any human being to witness the sufferings of any animal unmoved.

The present, the younger generation, of doctors do not measure up to those of the past generation, either as human characters or social servants.

And I am sure that the mark of decline came at the point when medical schools generally became chambers of vivisection horrors.

The past and passing generation of doctors could at least give people moral support—what most people really need.

The past generation did more to prevent disease than the present generation are doing to cure it.

The doctors of a generation ago had

the absolute confidence of those in their communities.

They not only drew the laws, but put through the legislation by creating public demand for better sewers, house plumbing, water supply and purer foods.

Personally I would not employ a physician under sixty years of age.

A short time ago a man conspicuously advertised in a Cleveland newspaper for the name and address of an old-time family physician!

Several years ago I had business before a legislative committee at Columbus, Ohio. A group of doctors from Columbus, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Dayton, together with a number of Christian Scientists from the same cities, sat in an outer room awaiting their turn for an audience, which was before mine.

As I came into the presence of the committee and after the two groups had withdrawn, one of the committee, a lawyer from Cleveland, said to me:

"I should be prejudiced against what I am going to say, for I am a Roman Catholic, but did you notice that every one of those doctors was a sick man, while every one of those Christian Scientists was a fine specimen of humanity!"

I had to acknowledge that he was right.

Down in Washington during the war in a department of gas experimentation a lot of doctors had a vivisection orgy under government protection and expense, with dogs for the most part gathered from the stray pens of these cities—and all under the plea of "humanity."

I have it from industrial chemists who were in this institution that the results of vivisection were very questionable and most of it was done for the sake of vivisection.

I am also told by students in medical schools that there are always one or two in every class who seem to take a delight and derive pleasure and satisfaction in the sufferings of the animal subjects.

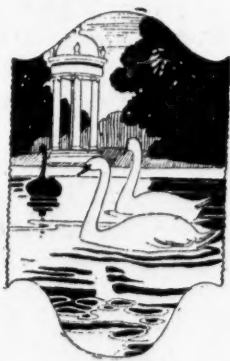
In the light of all this it is not difficult to account for the decline in the medical profession.

The cases of those who derive pleasure and satisfaction by inflicting pain, even on lower animals, are extensively treated in the works of Krafft-Ebing and Havelock Ellis and the facts and conditions are a matter of common knowledge to the medical profession.

Is it any wonder that people are turn-

THE JULY CLEARANCE SALES

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—Offer a Great Variety of Seasonable Merchandise of Vandervoort Quality at Substantially Reduced Prices for Quick Disposal.

This interesting selling event includes merchandise from our own stock and merchandise from manufacturers' clearances, which we have secured at price concessions. The saving opportunities are remarkable, and economies out of the ordinary are presented to thrifty shoppers.

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Women's Frocks and Gowns
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White Tub Skirts
in special groups at
\$1.95, \$2.95, \$3.95, \$5.00, \$6.75,
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Undergarments
Sweaters
Baby Dresses and Coats
Women's Summer Shoes
White Tub Fabrics
Furniture
Laces
Summer Silks
China
Colored Tub Fabrics

Summer Millinery
at ½ price
Women's Summer Suits
at ½ price
Misses' and Small Women's Frocks
at ½ price

Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney

ing to Christian Science and other metaphysical beliefs?

Vivisection should be legally stopped, not for its effect upon the animals, but for its effect upon those who practice it.

DAVID GIBSON

Bunkum

551 S. Grand Av.,
Los Angeles, July 7, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

We've read the party platform spiels, The platitudes and weak appeals, Their insincerity reveals

The gauge of public sense;
They muss the issues, split some hairs,
Ignore the only live affairs,
And plainly indicate, "Who cares,
The people may go hence."

Hyperbole and hopeless junk,
Denatured dope and doleful bunk,
Big promises we know are punk,
All doctored for the race;
It may be reckoned bold and rude,
But we suggest, for mental food,
"Innocuous desuetude,"

Exactly fits the case.
But, why expect effective fruit
From time-worn dubs of ill repute,
Who just resolve and resolute,
Or else "view with alarm;"

Who contemplate with great chagrin,
That they are out, the others in,
But do not care a single pin
For wastefulness or harm.
Republican, or Democrat!
It matters not where you are at,
The profiteers get all the fat,
A large slice of the lean;
The gravy and the garnishings,
The silverware and napkin rings,
While you assuage the want that stings
With water and a bean.

E. L. AULTMAN

Adultery on Washington Square

By Guido Bruno

Washington Square. A bench near the Garibaldi monument. Mamie and Tom are playing. Mamie has her wooden doll in an old cigar box. She and little Tom play "father and mother." The doll is their child. Tenderly Mamie hugs the doll in her arms. Tom, the father, must leave them. He must go out into the world. He must earn a living. He has to bring food to mother and child. Tom passes through the Washington Arch. He crosses the street and walks towards Macdougall Alley. On the doorsteps of the first house stands Mary. Mary, the child of the lady who owns the big black limousine.

Mary stops Tom. She shows him her big, beautiful doll, with blonde curls of real hair, and blue eyes that open and close automatically, a doll with a human face. A face that looks like his little baby sister. She shows him the carriage, a real baby carriage, with silk curtains and soft pillows.

And Tom plays "father and mother" with little Mary. Mamie is still sitting on the bench near the Garibaldi monument, rocking her baby and waiting patiently for Tom. Father does not return. Mamie takes her cigar box and her wooden doll and moves to a bench in the most remote corner of Washington Square South.

There she weeps heart-breakingly.

A Municipal Romance

By Alexander Mackendrick

In the state of Texas, U. S. A., there is to be found a prosperous little city named Houston, a municipality which has probably many distinguishing characteristics, but whose chief interest to economists and students of city government lies in its having once enjoyed for a term of years, which was unfortunately cut short by death, the guidance and direction of one of the most remarkable of the many notable men that America has produced. This shining example of what an honest and intelligent Mayor may be to a community in America will long be remembered by the name of Joseph Pastoriza, familiarly known to his innumerable friends and admirers as "Joe." To have known Joe Pastoriza is to have experienced something of that strange magnetic power which may reside in one great soul when supercharged with the dynamic force of a fundamental truth. Frail in build, light in weight, and obviously deficient in all that constitutes physical strength, he gave one the impression of an immensely powerful engine in a structure that was much too fragile and must sooner or later give way before the inevitable stress and strain.

It may surprise the gentle reader to be told that the chief title to distinction on the part of this excellent Mayor of Houston lies in the fact that he boldly broke the law, facing all the personal risks and penalties attaching to such action; and that when ordered to retrace his steps and follow the rules prescribed for him by the Constitutional authorities, he obeyed his orders faithfully to the letter and last syllable, and with the utmost docility. The Constitution of the State of Texas, like that of most of the other states, provides that public income must be raised by an equal proportional annual levy on all forms of wealth, capital or property. Doubtless the framers of the American Constitution, acting up to the light they possessed, intended that this provision should make for fairness and equity in the distribution of public burdens upon the shoulders of the people. And it may be, that if it had been possible to ensure the accurate working of this principle, it might have resulted in a much greater degree of justice in the incidence of tax burdens than has yet been seen in any part of the world. But unfortunately it is too true that any scheme or proposal that depends for its success on the willingness of men to fall into line voluntarily and without regard to their own interests, is doomed to failure. At all events, from the point of view of the fairness and equality at which the Fathers of the Constitution had aimed, Joe Pastoriza found the taxation system in Houston, Texas, to be a mere caricature of justice, a screaming parody of the spirit which had inspired it. The rich man was not paying according to his riches, for he had become an expert in concealing the value of his household treasures; in denying the very existence of his intangible wealth in stocks, and mortgages; and by the aid of string-pulling and diplomatic influences, in getting under-valuations on his real estate and vacant lots. Mr. Pastoriza

VOLTAIRE'S TOLERATION, 25c

"Toleration" is an apt title for a book by Voltaire, for it was in the cause of toleration of thought that Voltaire waged a heroic life-long battle against the forces of oppression and superstition of his day. It is a powerful appeal for liberty of thought.

APPEAL TO REASON, GIRARD, KANSAS.

UNION ELECTRIC

Light and Power Company

is a \$36,000,000 Missouri public service corporation, the owner of State-appraised, State-regulated, income-producing properties worth at present prices, more than \$50,000,000.

Union Electric's \$36,000,000 capitalization include \$24,000,000 of bonds and notes, \$11,000,000 of common stock and \$3,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock.

Of this preferred stock, something less than \$250,000—the remainder of a \$1,000,000 issue authorized by the State to finance growth—is now being sold to the public.

Each \$100 share of Union Electric preferred stock pays \$7 a year in quarterly cash dividends—no more and no less. The PREFERRED dividends MUST be paid each year, out of that year's dividend earnings, before ANY dividend can be paid on the \$11,000,000 of common stock. We know of no SAFER dividend in Missouri than that on Union Electric preferred.

It is this assurance of regular, dependable 7 per cent dividends, together with the fact that EVERY DOLLAR OF UNION ELECTRIC'S CAPITALIZATION IS BACKED BY MORE THAN A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF INCOME-PRODUCING PROPERTY, which makes Union Electric preferred one of a very few 7 per cent stocks selling AT PAR anywhere in the United States.

We especially recommend these shares to small investors who do not wish to speculate for a high rate but want a fair income return with safety for their savings.

PRICE: \$100 a share for cash; \$102 on a ten-payment plan, under which buyers draw 5 per cent interest on installment payments, and can withdraw all payments, WITH INTEREST, any time before final installment is paid.

SALES OFFICES: Room 201 Union Electric Building, Twelfth and Locust streets, St. Louis, and Union Electric's offices in Franklin, Jefferson, Perry, St. Louis and St. Charles counties.

MAIL ORDERS: Blank draft, certified check, postoffice or express money order should be sent with mail orders. Prompt delivery of shares will be made by registered mail.

UNION ELECTRIC

Light and Power Company



The AUGUST SALE of FURNITURE

*Beginning Monday, July 19
Is Preceded by Three Days of Courtesy*

IT is not a simple matter, in these days when the output of furniture factories rarely equals the demand, to assemble the broad and attractive lines regularly offered our patrons. And to do more than this, to effect a sale demanding a great and varied supply of such furniture at special prices, might easily seem a stupendous task. But forethought and effort, spreading over a period of months, brought their reward in a splendid supply, and we now enthusiastically announce our August Sale of Furniture.

If you have kept in touch with the steady increase in furniture prices during the past months, you will readily recognize the very generous reductions in effect from the regulation price. All discretion points to immediate purchase at these economic prices.

The sale proper begins Monday, July 19. However, three days of courtesy, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 14, 15, 16, will be extended. During these days, selections of furniture may be made at August Sale prices with the understanding that delivery will be made after the sale begins.

STIX, BAER & FULLER
GRAND-LEADER

observed on the other hand that the poor man with little to conceal, could conceal nothing, and was taxed on the capital value of his last asset, even to the rolling pin or the baby's cradle. Here were elements for a conflagration in a soul with the passion for justice and the instincts of a radical reformer. Quickly it was determined that the ample power which the State Constitution puts into the hands of a Mayor must be used to remedy this wrongful state of affairs. Already, of course, the great truth had dawned upon the mind of the new Mayor, that only socially created forms of wealth should be drawn upon for public purposes, and that private assets should be regarded as sacred to the individual. The simple plan then suggested itself: to abolish those taxes on personal property that have only made men dishonest and raised lying to the dignity of a fine art; to abolish the taxes on bank deposits which simply served to discourage thrift or to encourage hoarding in old stockings; to remove the embargo on houses in the form of taxes which retard new buildings and deter the owners of old ones from making improvements; and to continue taxation at such an increase of the rate as might be necessary, on the market value of all land whether vacant or in use.

During the triennial period ending in that year which will be forever memorable in history—1914, Mr. Pastoriza put into force in the tax system of Houston the principle enunciated above, though with only a modified form or partial application of it, so that the transition from the old system to the new might be accomplished without troublesome readjustment. The effect of it was not only immediate, but immensely beneficial to the trade and business of Houston. Savings banks deposits went up with a bound. Deposits in the commercial banks also increased largely. The demand for works of art was stimulated, now that the possession of them did not involve either lying or the paying of taxes. The permits for the erection of new buildings increased to an astonishing extent, and in every way that it would have been possible to anticipate, the prosperity of Houston took a great leap forward. It is needless to say that the citizens were delighted. They upheld their Mayor's action, notwithstanding that, as he frequently told them, he had broken the law and ought to be in jail.

There the matter stood until a group of real estate men, more properly called land speculators, suddenly realized that their business of forestalling the needs of the community was being interfered with. Like the makers of the silver images of the goddess Diana, who, at the advent of Christianity raised the cry among their fellows, "Our craft is in danger," these real estate men took alarm. They appealed to the Governor of the state and pointed out that Mayor Pastoriza had violated the State Constitution. The Governor, of course, referred the matter to the Supreme Court, the Judge of which declared that no question was now before him as to the superiority of one tax system over another, but simply the question as to the reading of the law. Holding that Mayor Pastoriza had violated the State Constitution, he ordered that gentleman to revert to the former method of raising revenue, as was prescribed therein.

Was the doughty Mayor downhearted at this juncture? A thousand times, no. It is at this point indeed that the really interesting and amusing elements enter the story. It has been said that the surest way to discredit and condemn bad law is to put it into force. Our good old Joe knew this as by a kind of instinct, and on receiving his mandate he vowed a solemn vow that, as he had been ordered to administer the law as it stood, the people would get the law, the whole law, and nothing but the law. This, of course, was very much more than the real estate speculators and forestallers had calculated upon. By a time-honored convention it had been understood that laws were always subject to modification, or at all events that they could be so "arranged" between the tax collector and persons of distinction, as to round off the awkward corners insofar as they inconvenienced such persons. For example, a vacant lot in the city, of considerable value, was owned by a gentleman who had paid municipal taxes for a considerable time on a nominal value only, on the double plea that it was yielding him no income and that his intention was to deed it over to the city in the event of his death. The consternation of this benevolent monopolist may be imagined when he received from the Mayor's office an assessment at the full value of the lot as a salable commodity in the real estate market of that day. We can picture him rushing to the Mayor's office, red in face, and with eyes flashing fire and indignation, repeating his indignation, repeating his plea for a nominal tax on the ground of his benevolent *post-mortem* intention. "Why," says the ever genial Joe, "I'll tell ye what it is, Ned, if that's yer intention ye shouldn't be payin' any taxes whatever." "Eh," says the aggrieved landowner, "Can ye fix that for me, Joe?" "Of course I can," says Joe. "You just hand over that bit o' land to the city now, an' ye'll never need to pay another cent in taxes as long as ye live." The benevolent gentleman's final reply was hardly fit for publication, but it sounded something like "You go to h—l," or words to that effect. Fortunately the Mayor possessed a large gift of that saving element, the sense of humor, and this doubtless protected him from either cynicism or despair in his determination to carry through his great educational campaign. Had he lived till his public work had been finished, with or without the result he wished for, the history of the days through which he was passing when the scythe-bearing angel touched him on the shoulder, would have read like a romance with a dash of Gilbertian humor thrown in.

It may be that one who has, like the writer, heard the story from his own lips, in his own inimitable dialect and characteristic American intonation, accompanied by a flash of the eye and a quaint movement of the facial muscles peculiarly his own, may overrate the comical element in the situation as it stood just about the summer of 1916; but one or two of his experiences will bear repetition even in cold print. A lady called one day at the Mayor's office to have her property tax assessment passed as in former days. The Mayor's clerks being fully instructed as to the attitude to be maintained in ad-

ministering the law to the very letter, pointed to some rings on the lady's fingers and remarked that they seemed of considerable value and were not enumerated in her personal property. She, of course, drew herself up indignantly and endeavored to crush the innocent youth with a glance of her fiery eye; to which he replied that the brooch she wore was very handsome and that the bracelets on her wrist must have cost a "pile o' money." The Mayor himself was called into the melee just about this point, and the lady's assessment paper was ultimately adjusted at about a thousand dollars in excess of the sum she had intended to be taxed upon. On another occasion the Mayor on his way down the stairs leading from his office saluted an acquaintance on his way up. "Where away this mornin', Jim?" said Mr. Pastoriza. "Just goin' up to fix my assessment, as usual, Joe," replied his friend. "Well, don't ye forget about that han'some diamon' pin in yer tie Jim," were his parting words. About ten minutes later Mr. Pastoriza returned and met his friend doing down the stairs, but *without* the diamond pin in his tie, having evidently smuggled it into his waist-coat pocket before entering the office.

Such little incidents will serve to show how under the patient and determined administration of one strong man a people might quickly get themselves so "fed up" with a bad law as to demand its abolition. At the time of which we speak, the leaven was quickly working. The tax method provided for in the Constitution, when carried out literally and faithfully, and contrasted with the ideal system which had been laid before them in all its beauty and simplicity for three years, became intolerable. A wave of opinion was then gathering in favor of a return to what was known as the "Pastoriza System," and it was rumored that a movement was on foot to make such a return possible by amending the State Constitution. Whether this has come within measurable distance of being realized, it would be extremely interesting to know. It may be that because of that inveterate tendency in human nature to slide backward into the well-worn grooves which custom has provided for the wheels of convention, Houston has reverted to an ignoble acquiescence in the tax system imposed upon it by the dead hands of a hundred and forty years ago. In any case the memory of this distinguished Mayor, and the taste he gave his citizens at the imminent risk to his own liberty, of the advantages of a sane and rational standard by which to determine each citizen's contribution to the public needs, will not soon be forgotten. His fame will rest upon his brave experiment, and the fame of Houston, Texas, will largely rest upon the fact that it was in this city that the experiment was tried.



They were talking about the different places they had visited during the war. One Australian was saying he had enjoyed the privilege of being on guard one night at the gates of Bethlehem. Suddenly another Australian looked up at the first speaker and said: "I'll bet the shepherds watched their flocks that night."

Marts and Money

The upward movement has made further headway on the New York Stock Exchange. Quotations for a large number of shares indicate gains of three to ten points. Moderate relaxation in the charges for loans has buoyed up hopes that the next few months will witness another bold and memorable upswing all along the line. Brokerage offices are again thronged with customers anxious to get into the game while stocks still are at attractive levels. The results of the National Conventions are commented upon approvingly and with broad smiles. They are regarded as dis-

tinctly satisfactory—as reliable promises of several more years of big business and fat profits. Though this sort of ratiocination ignores the imponderabilities, it is thoroughly practical—it bears the test of germane precedents. It provides a pretty good basis for safe and progressive financing, for great development of our foreign trade, for globe-encircling politics. Wall Street folks are looking far ahead. They realize that we are on the threshold of the greatest age in our history, that our enormous wealth and tremendous power of production puts upon us the burdens of decisive world-wide duties as well as of world-wide rights.

The present situation somewhat paral-

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els that of 1898-99, when the victory world. Wealth is flowing to our shores over Spain gave us rich islands in the West Indies and the orient, together with an effective hold upon Cuba. It was then that we entered world-politics on an epoch-making scale for the first time. It was then, also, that our foreign trade commenced to grow rapidly and that we felt the necessity of lending large sums of money in other countries. The extraordinary prestige which we acquired in the World War is giving us most valuable advantages in our economic struggle with England, France, Italy, and Holland. We are already the owners of the greatest stock of gold in the

mand could be noted both for investment and speculative issues. It was fostered by optimistic reports concerning growing staple crops.

The official Washington statement put the probable production of wheat at 809,000,000 bushels. Compared with the previous monthly estimate, this shows an increase of 28,000,000 bushels. Encouraging prospects are reported also for corn and oats. It is quite safe to assume by this time that we will be able to export at least 200,000,000 bushels of wheat. In this connection it should be set down that increased supplies of wheat are reported likewise from Ar-

gentina, India, and Australia. Thus there's reason for hoping that the period of scarcity and pitiful suffering will soon draw to a close in Europe.

One of the most striking features of interest in the railroad department is Canadian Pacific. This stock, which was down to 111 recently, is now held at 122¾. It is not at all fanciful to believe that considerable buying of these shares emanates from the other side of the Atlantic. Hundreds of millions of dollars of wealth in Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Germany will unquestionably be invested in American and Canadian securities, with a view to escaping grinding rates of taxation. Time was—in 1913—when Canadian Pacific could not be bought at less than 283. Subsequent heavy, steady liquidation was the immediate consequence of rising fears of a great European war. C. P. was indeed the first reliable indicator of sinister political conditions. It paid the same rate of dividend then as it does today—10 per cent per annum.

Among low-priced shares Southern Railway common distinguished itself lately by an advance from 25 to 30. It was purchasable at 18 last February. The high mark in 1919 was 33. Though the stock has not been a speculative favorite for quite a while, it is probable that it will play a prominent part in the next great upward surge in the railroad list. Under private operation, the company should find it easy to earn about 7 or 8 per cent on the \$120,000,000 common stock outstanding, after payment of the fixed 5 per cent on the \$60,000,000 preferred. The South has never been more prosperous than it is today. In addition to the high price of cotton, it enjoys an industrial development that would have been considered impossible fifteen years ago.

Respecting the condition of the steel trade, we are informed that the outlook is viewed hopefully in authoritative circles. The *Iron Age* notes an increase in the output of pig iron during June, daily average production being 5,000 tons above that for May. Producers yet are seriously handicapped by car shortage; some of them are talking of suspending operations for a week or two. Some important contracts have been captured in Australia, China, and India. The monthly report of the U. S. Steel Corporation disclosed unfilled orders aggregating 10,978,000 tons. While this implies an increase of only 38,351 tons, it is enough—it will serve to persuade skeptics that the tendency continues in the right direction. The American Locomotive Company, whose common stock is quoted at the handsome figure of 102, lets it be known that at present its domestic and foreign orders aggregate \$42,000,000 in value. Remarkable expansion in contracts is reported also by the Baldwin Locomotive Company. Its common stock is quoted at 123¾. It is a prime favorite with the plungers who had it up to 156¼ last year.

The weekly exhibit of the Associated Banks of New York shows a contraction of \$43,407,850 in surplus reserves, despite a shrinkage of \$38,572,000 in loans and discounts, which proved a decided puzzle to Wall Street on account of the considerable rise in values during the week. Wherefore, the finan-

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This is indeed an occasion of more than city-wide importance. Immense stocks assure all a selection that will gain the admiration of the most adept connoisseurs of good furniture. Every room in every home can be furnished with these individual pieces and suites. Furniture for living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms, sun parlors, sleeping porches, guestrooms and kitchens. Furniture in artistic period and conventional designs, substantially constructed and worthy of a place in any household.

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cial folks are again worrying over loan charges, though the wits voice the opinion that neither a 7 nor a 10 per cent rate is at all objectionable as long as you firmly expect to gather a 30 or 50 per cent profit on your long marginal commitment. While the argument may be flippant, there's some sense in it. Of course, much depends upon the length of time you are compelled to pay interest to your broker.

Finance in St. Louis.

They are doing a pretty good business on the local Bourse, the advent of the canine season notwithstanding. National Candy common, which could be bought at 140 and less recently, is now held at 160.50. There was quite a series of transfers in the past week. The stock pays 8 per cent a year. It was as high as 193 in 1919. Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred is selling at 50, which compares with a low mark of 27 last year. The stock seems to be well supported—undoubtedly in anticipation of a great building era all over the country. Certain-teed Products common has moved up to 52. It was as low as 29 in 1919. Fifty shares of Missouri Portland Cement went for 79 and 80 lately. It pays \$6 per annum. Should be worth par before a great while. The oil and refining issues continue quite active, with prices showing unimportant changes. With crop prospects highly promising in Missouri and other Valley States, St. Louis is virtually assured of another year of economic aggrandizement.

Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
First National Bank.....	200	
National Bank of Commerce.....	135	136½
Brown Shoe pfd.....		97
Carleton Dry Goods pfd.....	90	95
Certain-teed Products 2d pfd.....	53	
do com.....	53	
Hamilton-Brown Shoe.....	164	165
Hydraulic Press Brick pfd.....		49½
do com.....	8	8¾
Indianapolis Refining Co.....	7¾	7¾
International Shoe com.....		140
Marland Refining Co.....		4¾
National Candy 1st pfd.....	104¾	
do com.....		135
Temtor "A".....	42¾	42¾
Temtor "B".....		38¾
United Railways pfd.....		12
do com.....		2½
Wagner Elec. Mfg.....	105	
United Railways 4s.....	46	46½

Answers to Inquiries

REGULAR READER, St. Louis.—(1) Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent preferred is in the investment class. There's \$30,000,000 authorized and outstanding. Dividends have been paid since January, 1918. It is reasonably priced at 106¾, which compares with a maximum of 116 in 1919. (2) Canadian Pacific has risen from 111 to 122¾ in the past two weeks. The yearly dividend is 10 per cent. Has been paid since 1911. In all probability the stock will gradually ascend to 130 and above.

INFORMATION, St. Louis.—(1) Reading second preferred is a desirable railroad investment. An additional purchase would appear advisable, despite the advance from 36 to 42 since the first of the year. In 1909 stock was as high as 58¾. The attractiveness of it is enhanced by the company's privilege of converting second preferred into one-half first preferred and one-half common, leaving aside the tantalizing potentialities of profit deriving from the expected division of equities, as ordered by the Federal Supreme Court. (2) Concerning an investment in choice municipal bonds consult reliable local bankers or brokers.

Municipal Opera

For the seventh week the Municipal Opera Company will present "Babes in Toyland." Stage Director Charles Sinclair will use the general scheme in staging, but will modify the production into a review of the present day. Musical Director Max Bendix will adhere strictly to the musical script. This promises to be the most entertaining and refreshing of the eight operas which comprise the season. The

older generation who have half forgotten and the younger one to whom it is new need but glance at the cast to glimpse a joyful evening:

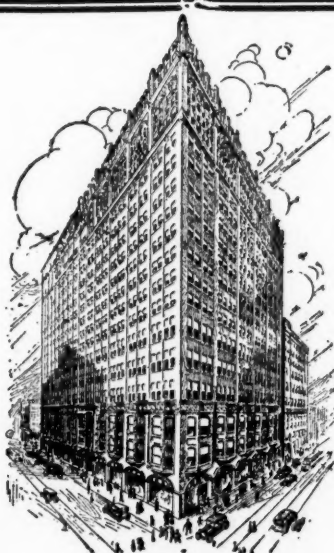
Uncle Barnaby, a rich miser in love with Contrary Mary.....Ralph Nicholls
Alan, his nephew.....Raymond Crane
Roderigo, a sentimental ruffian.....Harry Hermesen
The Widow Piper, a lonely widow with fourteen children.....Mildred Rogers
Tom-Tom, her eldest son.....Irene Pavloska
Contrary Mary, the Widow Piper's eldest daughter.....Lillian Crozman
The Master Toymaker, who designs the toys of the world.....Charles Galagher
Inspector Marmaduke, of Toyland Police.....Warren Proctor

The success of municipal opera is assured. The second season far surpasses the first in point of paid attendance. In 1919 the first week registered 48,924; in 1920 there were 72,906. The other weeks have showed practically the same ratio of increase.

At the Grand

The Grand Opera House double headline bill this week is highly commendable both as to quality and quantity and is receiving due appreciation from the usual large audiences. Charles Hendrix as "The Schoolmaster" is the

same pleasing presentation of a pedagogue as of old. This role has been filled by him since the act was first produced, and the scholars, six irrepressible youngsters, have the time of their lives with the schoolmaster. Other attractions are Jim McWilliams, "A Burst of Clean Comedy;" Phil Roy and Roy Arthur, in "A Chinese Restaurant;" Villani and Villani, "The Leader and the Tenor;" Fred and Daisy Rial, in "A Ring Flirtation;" Andrus and Miller, "The Brazilian Nuts;" Ferguson and Sunderland, singing and dancing artists; Walter Baker and Company, novelty comedy magic; Ming Toy, Oriental travesty, and several pictures.



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GOWNS—DRESSES

Maison de Bernard.....No. 312-14

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Lunt, Ritta B.....No. 625-27

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Singer & Singer.....No. 106-08

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Ramsay.....No. 316-18
Shapiros, M.....No. 306-08

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES

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Powers-Sigillito Tailoring Co.....No. 502-04
Schmidt, H. A. Sons, Inc.....No. 612-14
Skelton Tailoring Co.....Mezzanine

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Whitaker, A. E.....No. 317-23

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Tie Shop, The.....No. 102-04

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